and the way to even the more remote of the island paradises upon it. With fibre and slithers of bamboo they constructed the rude charts on which the very winds were written. And they had souls. They loved as they travelled the wonders of the seas ; they heard in the sea-bird's call the voice of romance and adventure ; and they knew, as they dared the storm and the calm, the heat of the tropic sun or the cold of the frozen South, that they and theirs were truly children of the gods. Well, the gods of a ravished world are dead or dying, and, maybe it is not so ill that their sons are dying too.

How ever, in these incredible immensities of ocean, the more lonely islands, were found, must remain in some degree a mystery. On the map the Pacific may seem so dotted with islands that a canoe setting off at a venture could not fail to hit upon one, but of course it is not so.

In a modern steamer you can sail clean through even the thickly studded Paumotus group and not see a sign of an island. If a straight drift before the wind might take one sometimes from Fiji to Samoa, what chance or luck was it that picked up the tiny scrap